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LITERATURE.

A SECOND volume of poems has recently been given to the public through the house of J. R. Osgood & Co., of Boston, by Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt, of Washington, a lady widely known from her frequent contributions to the periodical literature of the day. The first poem in the book, "A Voyage to the Fortunate Isles," gives the title to the work, which is a collection of some fifty short poems, remarkable for their originality, quaintness of expression, subtlety of thought, and sweetness. Mrs. Piatt is a cheerful singer, possessing much of the bird instinct which compels song. Happy as a lark, she is content with such flowers, grasses and babbling waters as she finds in her home meadow; she sings to her children, and if, now and then, her song mounts into the air on graceful wings, to catch a deeper inspiration, and a broader view of the world, it returns to the home-nest at last with notes of hope, comfort and encouragement. At times Mrs. Piatt indulges in a pensive mood, as when she sings "Seeing Through Tears:"

"Ah me! look not too fair!
If love could be a fairy story, ending
At our two graves out in the dark somewhere;
If, dying, I could know myself descending
Forever from myself, no cry
For wings would smite the sky;

No high reproach and fond
That souls and angels were frail human fancies,
That nothing, sweet or bitter, was beyond
The Bible saints and their divine romances:—
All I could feel were this, I fear—
That dust to dust is dear!"

As a fine specimen of Mrs. Piatt's vigorous thought, we reproduce "A Woman's Birthday."

"It is the summer's great last heat,
It is the fall's first chill: they meet
Dust in the grass, dust in the air,
Dust in the grave—and everywhere!
Ah, late rose, eaten to the heart:
Ah, bird, whose southward yearnings start:
The one may fall, the other fly,
Why may not I! why may not I?"

Oh, Life! that gave for me my dower
The hushing song, the worm-gnawed flower,
Let drop the rose from your shrunk breast
And blow the bird to some warm nest;
Flush out your dying colors fast:
The last dead leaf—will be the last.
No? Must I wear your piteous smile
A little while, a little while?

The withering world accepts her fate
Of mist and moaning, soon or late;
She had the dew, the scent, the spring,
And upward rapture of the wing;
Their time is gone, and with it they,
And am I wooing Youth to stay
In these dry days, that still would be
Not fair to me, not fair to me?

If Time has stained with gold the hair,
Should he not gather grayness there?
Whatever gifts he chose to make,
If he has given, shall he not take?
His hollow hand has room for all
The beauty of the world to fall
Therein. I give my little part
With aching heart, with aching heart."

After reading this volume, the public will agree with us that it can not be said of Mrs. Piatt, as she says in one of her poems:

"Even so
Do all the little poets of to-day
Set their poor painted images for show
In temples where the gods alone should stay."

Professor William Mathews, of the University of Chicago, has published through the house of S. C. Griggs & Co., of that place, a volume of twenty interesting and readable essays, on as many different subjects, which he calls the "Great Conversers, and Other Essays." A man of extensive reading and fine culture, he treats of such subjects as the great conversers, literary clubs, epigrams, popular fallacies, faces, pleasantries in literature, curiosities of criticism, etc., in a fresh and entertaining manner. Each of the twenty essays is filled with thought profusely illustrated with selections from the great literary men of all ages. An elaborate article on "The Battle of Waterloo" concludes the volume. In this treatise Professor Mathews takes the ground that Napoleon lost the battle through his own carelessness and blunders. He had plenty of opportunities to win a victory, but allowed all of them to slip away.

Those interested in the art education of the people, who may have intrusted to them the selection of casts for the various art museums now being founded in this country, will find an almost invaluable work in the handsome "Cast Catalogue of Antique Sculpture," which has been edited by Wm. T. Brigham, A. M., and is published by Lee, Shepard & Co., of Boston. Mr. Brigham, having had occasion to gather notes relative to antique sculpture from many foreign catalogues and personal examination of museums, has now given them to the public in a large and handsome volume, which is illustrated by sixty-five photographs of celebrated works of art, and contains a letter-press description of most of the antique sculptures. The measurements of the sculptures have been given, the price of casts, etc., together with a short historical sketch of the marbles. The introduction of the catalogue contains an able essay on the rise and progress of sculpture throughout the world, as well as a treatise on the art of making casts. The volume concludes with "An Introduction to the Study of Ornament," and a catalogue of illustrated literature, which should be found in all art libraries. From the introduction to the study of ornament we quote as follows:

"It is doubtless a grave mistake to regard ornament as other than a necessity of the human race. Every nation, even the most degraded, has its manner of ornamentation, and it is to the varieties of tastes and feelings of these various peoples that decoration owes the so-called styles or modes recognized by art. Besides being a natural instinct of the human race,—a mark of distinction from all other animals,—ornamentation has been found to be an important element of commercial prosperity, and so has become an object of study. Civilized nations demand elegance as well as fit-

ness in a manufactured article, and the nation or individual who can combine these elements most successfully will command the best markets, while those who neglect the former must be content to sell their manufactures to the Indians on the plains, or to the tribes of Central Africa. Some nations—our own, for example,—have been slow to learn the lesson so clearly spread out in the history of all time. The clay of Samos was probably no better for terra-cottas than that of other places; nor did the bronze of Corinth, the wood of Ægina, the wools of Miletus, the sea-shells of Tyre, or the sands of Egypt, surpass the new material found in other places. The coin of the whole ancient world came to Samos in exchange for the baked clay vessels which nowhere else were formed so gracefully or ornamented with such pleasing taste. The bronze vessels and statues of the Isthmian city have lived in fame two thousand years; the little island of Ægina sold wood for many times its weight in gold because its carvers were able to invent forms of unsurpassed elegance. The shawls of Miletus, the purple-dyed fabrics of Tyre, the colored glass of Egypt, were all marked by careful art, but in material were probably no better than the shawls and fabrics and glass made by other people who labored for a tithe of the compensation these artistic fabrics earned."

If any man ever loved his country, working to his highest ability for her present happiness and future prosperity, that man was the late Charles Sumner, the eminent Senator from Massachusetts. From early boyhood he was a close student, the end and aim of all his work being the highest prosperity of the United States. One of his studies was relative to the "Prophetic Voices Concerning America," and a monograph with this title has been published by Lee, Shepard & Dillingham, of New York. The book originally passed through the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and is composed for the most part of selections from the writings and speeches of Englishmen, Frenchmen, and the fathers of this country, concerning the future greatness and prosperity of America. Many of these prophetic voices have proved to be wonderfully true, and the collection of them into one volume has made one of the curiosities of literature. Most of the prophecies have reference to politics, the growth of liberty, and the prosperity of the country. A few refer to the arts and sciences. Hugh Henry Brackenridge, a Scotchman, who graduated at Princeton in 1771, wrote:

"This is thy praise, America, thy power,
Thou best of climes by science visited,
By freedom blest, and richly stored with all
The luxuries of life. Hail, happy land,
The seat of empire, the abode of kings,
The final stage where Time shall introduce
Renowned characters and glorious works of art,
Which not the ravages of Time shall waste
Till he himself has run his long career."

Bishop Berkeley's famous poem on "The Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America," contains what Daniel Webster called an "extraordinary prophecy." The first and last stanzas of this poem are as follows:

"The Muse, disgusted at an age and clime
Barren of every glorious theme,
In distant lands now waits a better time,
Producing subjects worthy fame.

Westward the course of Empire takes its way;
The first four acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last."

The Marquis D'Argenson, in his "Thoughts on the Reformation of the State," wrote about the year 1745 as follows in reference to America:

"And you will then see how the earth will be beautiful! What culture! What new arts and new sciences! What safety for commerce! Navigation will precipitate all the peoples toward each other. A day will come when one will go in a populous and regulated city of California as one goes in the stage-coach of Meaux."

Sir William Jones wrote in 1781:

"Commerce and fleets shall mark the waves,
And arts that flourish not with slaves,
Dancing with every Grace and Muse
Shall bid the valleys laugh and heavenly beams diffuse."

There is much else in this book curious and interesting, while the whole volume is a valuable contribution to the literature of the day.

Readers of "Beaten Paths; or, a Woman's Vacation," by Ella W. Thompson, will be surprised to discover that a Boston woman can write so piquantly and interestingly of tours and places already as familiar to the public as the alphabet. Treading the well-beaten paths of Scotland, England, London, Belgium, Germany, the Rhine, Switzerland, and Paris, Miss Thompson, with her keen perceptions and cultivated intellect, sees more than most travelers, and makes observations which are valuable, coming from her standpoint. A refreshing vein of harmless satire runs through the book, giving a tone to the pages which constantly whets the appetite for more. The work is plentifully dashed with historical facts and romantic incidents, and is of that desultory character which renders it a charming volume for summer reading. Lee & Shepard, of Boston, are the publishers. One chapter is devoted to a walk in Westminster Abbey, about which Miss Thompson says, among other things:

"The Abbey is the only place where tombs and memorial tablets are cheerful company. The constant inscription of famous and familiar names is like the sudden meeting of friends long looked for. * * * The statue of Mrs. Siddons bears a strong resemblance to the present reader and actress, Mrs. Scott-Siddons. She stood on a tragic pedestal all her life, as she does now in the Abbey, and she could never step down from it into common life. Sidney Smith said she always *stabbed* the potatoes, and she once quelled a riotous crowd by simply standing up in her carriage and saying, 'I am Sarah Siddons.'

"It is almost an invariable custom on English tombs to make the names of the survivors who erected them quite as conspicuous as that of the occupant, thus ingeniously blowing the trumpet of the living and of the dead at the same time. * * *

"The last great man buried there was Dickens, and by his own request he has no monument. His admirers must hope that the three-volume epitaph, which Mr. Foster is now writing about him, has the lying quality of most epitaphs. * * * The old effigies lie flat on their backs, or lean comfortably on one elbow; but in the more modern monuments the statues are too often balanced on one leg, or stand forever in some pugnacious attitude, which tires and strains the eye to look at. When marble and repose are divorced, it wrongs the fitness of things; and when sculptors learn that it is unnatural and repulsive to be always straining one's muscles in marble as well as in the flesh, there will be a new and glad sunrise in their art."

ART.

SOME RECENT STATUES.

As this country grows in years and wealth it becomes more and more the home of the fine arts. An impulse has been given to æsthetical culture in America which argues well for the future, and instead of there being any decline in the fine arts in the United States, we confidently expect to see the day when this nation will lead all others. At the present moment there are more American artists studying in Italy than those of any other nation; the exhibitions at our academies of design grow better and better; art museums and schools of art are constantly being founded in all the great centres of population, and there is a healthy disposition on the part of the American people, both collectively and individually, to appropriate large sums of money for art purposes. The educated public is no longer satisfied with a poor statue. A number of statues have been inaugurated the past season in various parts of the land, while ample provision has been made by the Government and some of our men of wealth for future works of art. One of the most recent notable gifts in this direction is that of Mr. James Lick, of San Francisco, who has presented the City of Sacramento with \$250,000 for bronze statuary, and has given \$150,000 for a monument in San Francisco to Francis Scott Key, the author of "The Star-Spangled Banner." These gifts are dazzlingly munificent, and should provide splendid monuments for the chief cities of the Golden State.

Mr. J. Q. A. Ward, one of the foremost of American sculptors, has recently completed two fine statues, which have been publicly inaugurated—a statue of General Israel Putnam, which now stands in the public park, before the State House, in Hartford, Connecticut, and a statue of a Seventh Regiment soldier, which adorns Central Park, New York, standing by the side of the Eighth Avenue drive, near Sixty-ninth Street. Both of these works of art reflect credit upon Mr. Ward, and are worthy of the American people. They were cast at the works of Robert Wood & Co., Philadelphia.

The statue of General Putnam is a gift to the City of Hartford from the late Hon. Joseph P. Allyn. The work is larger than life, and represents the old hero of the Revolution in the costume he wore, everything having been copied from authentic relics, even to the shape and number of the buttons and braids, and the sword with its lion-headed hilt. The weight of the statue rests upon the right leg, the right foot pressing the ground lightly, throwing the body forward in the attitude of walking. The right arm presses the side closely, the hand grasping the Revolutionary cocked hat. The left hand is raised to the breast, and upon it rests the sword. The head is slightly thrown back, and turned to one side, giving the effect of a sudden movement to look at some object in the distance. The face is very effective, full of life and vigor, but it does not much resemble Trumbull's portrait of Putnam. Mr. Ward modeled from the Trumbull portrait and from a pen-and-ink profile in possession of the Putnam family. The artist sought to reproduce the hero of the people, and, at the same time, attain a dignified expression of the spirit and gallantry of the Revolutionary time. The unveiling of the statue took place on the 17th of June, in the presence of a vast number of people, and is the first work of art, in a technical sense, which Hartford possesses, the bronze figure of Bishop Brownell, in the same park, belonging to Trinity College. At the unveiling, Hon. H. C. Robinson, among other things, said:

"To-day our old hero by the power of art has burst his tomb in Brooklyn, and has even come to a kind of resurrection in our sight. What if we were to eliminate, as by a stroke of lightning, all the portraits of art in the world?—in coins, and medals, and columns, and pillars, and arches, and statues, and oils, and tapestries! What a loss to history! What a wound to the beautiful! What fountain of inspiration must cease forever! Let us welcome, then, queenly art to our lawns, and squares, and public places all."

On Monday, the 22d of June, the statue erected as a memorial by the Seventh Regiment, New York, to the fifty-eight comrades lost in the late war, was inaugurated at Central Park, Governor Dix making the address. The work cost \$40,000, and represents a soldier of heroic size, in the uniform of the Seventh Regiment, on duty as an outpost sentry. Dressed in a fatigue cap and great-coat, the soldier is at rest, the butt of his gun touching the ground. The face is turned a little to one side, and is full of calm determination, as well as of hope. The statue is emblematic of the citizen-soldier of the period of 1861-5, and as such will be regarded with interest for many generations. As a work of art it will take high rank, winning admiration for its simplicity, naturalness, and strength.

On the 17th of June a monument to commemorate the heroism of Hannah Dustin, who was captured by the Indians on the 15th of March, 1697, at Haverhill, Massachusetts, and carried to Contoocook Island, New Hampshire, near Concord, was unveiled at the place of her captivity. It will be remembered that during the night she killed ten Indians, took their scalps, and brought them to Boston. For this brave act she was rewarded at the time, and now posterity attempts to perpetuate her memory. The statue is of granite, seven and a half feet high, standing on a pedestal, and representing a woman holding in one hand a tomahawk and in the other the scalps of the Indians. This work is from the hands of William Andrews, of Lowell, Massachusetts, and cost \$6,000. Monuments to women are exceedingly rare in this country, and so far as we know this is the first public statue of a woman set up in the United States.

Mr. Preston Powers, son of the late Hiram Powers, has a studio in the basement of the hall of the Senate, in the State House, at Boston, where he is engaged in making a life-size bust of the late Senator Sumner. With the help of a *post-mortem* cast and exact measurements of Mr. Sumner's face, Mr. Powers has succeeded in producing nearly a perfect likeness of the original. Mr. Powers has recently made a number of busts, among which are one of the poet, Whittier, one of Professor Agassiz, one of Mr. Alvin Adams, (the originator of Adams Express), and one of a distinguished United States senator. The bust of the late Professor Agassiz is very satisfactory, so much so that the members of the Agassiz family have commissioned the artist to execute from it three marble busts of heroic size.

"THE ALDINE PRESS."—JAMES SUTTON & CO., Printers and Publishers, 58 Maiden Lane, N. Y.